

# DEFEAT FOR GERMAN

ARROGANT HERR LIEUTENANT BEATEN  
IN BATTLE OF WORDS.

esty's Brandenburgers. He is very blond and very trig, much pinched as to his waist, and padded as to his shoulders, and his strut makes it apparent even from afar that earth and the fullness thereof are all his.

I can feel Bob fairly bristle as this young warrior heaves in sight. The sidewalk is reasonably wide and we give a full half of it to the Herr Lieutenant. But he has already set his course, and to swerve from it for the sake of two contemptible civilians would be absurd and ignominious.

The result is that he comes into violent collision with Bob. Now, Bob had instantaneously perceived just what was going to happen and had braced himself for the impact with the Herr Lieutenant. Therefore, the Herr Lieutenant recoils violently and almost falls into the roadway, his cap half shaken from his head and his sword getting awkwardly mixed up with his sky-blue legs. He pulls himself together fiercely.

"Schweinehund!" flashes back Bob, like a rapid-fire gun.

Now, to call any German a pig-dog is a very serious matter. But to apply that name to an officer in uniform, especially after you have knocked him all over the place, is an insult that can be washed out by blood alone. According to the unwritten code of his majesty's army, the Herr Lieutenant must instantly draw and run Bob through the body.

"You slab-sided, spindle-shanked, waffle-jawed, pop-eyed son of a pink porcupine!" cries Bob. "If you pull that tin sword of yours I'll smash your face into

It may have been the effect of the moonlight, but I noticed that the rosea cheeks of the Herr Lieutenant have suddenly turned to chalk. Perhaps he is appalled to find that the American language contains so many compound words.

Doubtless on the field of battle, with his fellow Brandenburgers, he would cheerfully rush forward to certain death amid the cannon thunder. But up here, in a dim corner of the Alt-Moabit, to have his

face, his beautiful face, converted into blutwurst by a "rock" at the hands of a foreign savage—there is no glory in it. And Bob has a very wicked look as he balances the cobblestone in his nervous, muscular hand.

There is a poignant silence for about two seconds. Then the Herr Lieutenant adjusts his cap, endeavors to assume an air of high disdain and stalks stiffly off into the night with muttered words, *amused, indolent*.

**MISSED FORTUNE BY ACRE**

Chicago Man Had Price of Lot, but  
Didn't Invest It.

Money He Paid Out in Interest  
Would Have Kept Him  
Very Well.

From the Chicago News.

"If I'd only bought about an acre on the corner of Greeley street and the avenue I'd have been well fixed by now," remarked the oldest inhabitant. "I could have got it for one o' them yaller-back bills you just showed in the drawer. I had the bill too. I wasn't like the feller that

"At it again, are you?" said the grocer.  
"Why don't you try to forget it?"  
"You don't know," said the oldest inhabitant. "You don't know what it is to look around you an' see all the chances

that you missed just on account o' not knowin'. I can walk around in any given direction an' see right where I might have made a few hundred thousand dollars jest as well as not. All I need have done was to put every blame sent I could rake and scrape into real estate."

"Too bad," said the grocer. "You, Bill, you've put that 25-cent coffee in the 40-cent bin. Now, you get right to work and take it out again. A person needs to stand right over you and watch you every

"No, you don't know," repeated the oldest inhabitant, with a sigh. "You ain't been here but ten or twelve years."

"What's that got to do with it?" said the grocer. "Do you think I have to take root somewhere to look back and see where I might have been better off to-day if I had had the sense to look ahead? I guess not. I can look back and remember the time when I was earning good wages."

and spent every blame sent of them. Didn't get nothing for my money, either. If I couldn't spend it I'd lend it. I'd lend it to some man I thought was a good friend of mine and then when I got up against it and wanted money I'd have to borrow at 5 per cent a month. That's the way I done. If I had all the money I paid out for interest on borrowed money I'd have been well fixed myself. If I'd saved my money when I earned it and turned my friends down when they tried

"That's different. Right back there on Dimsey street—" began the oldest inhabitant.

"I know all about Dimsey street," interrupted the grocer. "You could have got the option on the whole street for a chew of tobacco and a warranty deed for

a plug at it. I could have been a hearty, strong man to-day, instead of a lantern-jawed wreck if I had put my strength and activity in the right direction. I didn't look ahead far enough, that's all. I didn't appreciate it. It was too common. All the young men I knew had health to burn, just the same as your neighbors had land. I had more than I could use, so I put it into late hours and strong liquors and things like that. The result is that to-day I can't join a friend

in a social class without suffering for it, and I'm Doc Burnham's perpetual meal ticket. If I had some of that health which I might have kept I'd be all right. "I tell you," said the grocer, shaking his finger in the face of the oldest inhabitant, "if I could get up in the morning with a red tongue and go downstairs and eat three or four slices of bacon, a couple of eggs, and half a dozen buckwheat cakes with an appetite and be good and ready for my dinner I'd be a millionaire."

"That's all right," said the oldest inhabitant, "but maybe you don't know that I've seen cabbages growing right here where we're standing."